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NINEVEH,
THE BIRTH OF BURNS,

WITH

TWO ESSAYS,

And other Poems and Sonnets.

BY

EDWARD GEORGE KENT.

"I am no poet, or a wit, or sage,
For numerous failings dwell upon my page;
But as truth's simple, if it reigneth there,
Ye learn'd reviewers, pray my volume spare."

E. G. K.

BOSTON : JOHN MORTON,
PRINTER, BOOKSELLER, AND STATIONER, MARKET PLACE.

LONDON : SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

1859.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]



BOSTON: JOHN MORTON, MARKET PLACE.

TO

JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, ESQ., M.P.,

(BY PERMISSION,)

THIS LITTLE WORK

Is Dedicated,

WITH DUE SUBMISSION AND SINCERE RESPECT,

BY

HIS VERY HUMBLE AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

It may seem strange that I, blessed with so few advantages of wit or genius—requisites so indispensable in these affairs—should present to the public a volume of unfinished effusions; and I certainly feel abashed at the reception it deserves in those illustrious circles in which it has been my good fortune to secure its introduction. I am but seventeen years of age; consequently, my kind readers cannot wonder at the lack of stage thoughts and ideas, better known to more experienced persons. To the public I am nearly unknown, except through the columns of different papers to which I have subscribed my futile compositions.

The first title I selected for my little work was "May Fair, and other Poems," but being only partly acquainted with the legends, traditions, &c., of this ancient borough, I thought it advisable to defer that portion for sundry corrections until a more seasonable opportunity. My poem on the birth of Burns was certainly a scanty ear by the side of the cereal gem of Miss Craig, but as it was allowed to contain a little corn, that authority of justice amply rewarded its lowly author. My "Twa Brigs of Boston" is in humble imitation of the Caledonian's "Brigs of Ayr," intended to show the respect and deference due to old age from youth, an important matter too often forgotten by the runagates of human life. But as it would occupy too large a space in commenting on the different portions of my little volume, in a word, I beg to say it has been my sincere desire to spread

throughout the whole one general system, which is the aim at truth and virtue, expunging all remarks that would be likely to produce simple fancies in the minds of my young readers, endeavouring to establish on its page the grand principles of justice and morality; to delineate the varied beauties of nature, and faithfully to represent the prominent features of our versatile appearances in the vale of life; nor has my little work been the result of undivided labour, but has been composed after the duties of the day in the important business to which I belong; and, I admit, my studying powers have too frequently left me in the care of peaceful Morpheus. Together with the difficulties I have had to encounter, and my early age, I hope my readers will consider those facts equivalent to the faults and inaccuracies contained in this little compilation. As it is, so I commit it to their kind notice: for every word I am answerable, therefore, if worthy, I hope to receive a favourable recommendation; if not, it is their duty to cast upon me the contempt I deserve. With profound respect, and under sincere obligations to my esteemed patrons, my agents, and my publisher,

I humbly remain,

Their dutiful servant,

EDWARD GEORGE KENT.

APRIL, 1859.

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NINEVEH.

'Twas when, as vapours of the gloomy night,
The wicked actions of the Ninevite
Went upon high, God said to Jonah, "Go
And warn the city of its overthrow :"
But he the heavenly order disobey'd,
And to the little port of Joppa fled,
Where he embark'd, another land to find ;
But on the sea God sent a raging wind,
Which furious o'er the troubled waters blew,
While sudden fear beset the heathen crew,
Who safe deliverance of their gods implor'd ;
Each sought the pity of his idol lord ;
And while they cast their goods into the deep,
The man of God lay in the craft asleep.
Lo ! unto him in time the master came,
Of him inquir'd his country and his name,
And said, " Entreat thy God to change our lot,
Call on His name that we may perish not."
Nor did the Ruler of the tempest please
Even then to still the raging of the seas ;
Till they at last to throw in lots agreed,
From whom or whence the evil did proceed.
They threw, when lo ! by their ill omen read,

The evil fell upon the stranger's head.
Now two-fold fear possessed each stalwart frame,
Again they ask his country and his name :
He answer'd, " I a Hebrew am, and fear
The word of God—why I have journey'd here." .
They next inquire, " What must we do to thee,
That we may calm the billows of the sea ? "
He said, " O take my body up and cast
It in the deep ; no more the storm shall last : "
But yet, much sooner than a life would take,
The men row'd hard the shore in sight to make.
Alas ! in vain ; the unseen hand of Him
Who dwells between the holy Cherubim
Kept them from following up their goodly will,
And in the troubled waters held them still.
Now each crav'd pardon of his god, and said,
" O take the blood of this man off my head ! "
Behold, they took the prophet up and threw
Him in the sea. No more the tempest blew ;
The winds were silent, and the mighty deep
Lay as reclining in a chilly sleep.
Their little bark in safety sailed along,
They rais'd to Heaven a heart-rejoicing song ;
For they, poor heathen, saw the hand of God,
And felt the power of His mighty rod ;
They saw the mercy of His heavenly hand,
As they alighted on the ocean strand.
But O ! what must the fate of Jonah be,
Who in the depths of the unfathom'd sea
Was headlong plung'd to seek a watery grave ?
Yea, there he found a gracious hand to save—
The hand of Him, who in the depths profound

Resides the same as on the common ground,
Prepar'd a fish, who as a morsel prey'd
Upon his whole. He in its belly laid
Three days and nights, and to the mighty Lord
His prayer in purity of mind he pour'd,
Yea! to the holy temple of his God.
The weeds were wrapp'd around his troubled head
As in the courts of hell he made his bed.
He left the earth for ever in his chase
'Mid ocean caverns, and the mountain's base.
He sought the courts of Erebus and fled
Where instinct guide of truth the monster led.
But lo! the fish, by God's divine command,
Was by a wave cast far upon the strand;
It vomits forth, and as His will before,
The Prophet walk'd upon Assyria's shore.
Again the word of God unto him came :
"Go to the city now ; to all proclaim :
For when the space of fifty days is here,
They shall my works behold with troubled fear :
For as the vapours of a guilty night,
So are their wicked doings in my sight."
Lo! he arose and to the city went,
To all he cried, "Turn from your ways, repent;
For God hath said unto his servant, Go
And warn the people of their overthrow!
For I will cast her helpless on the plain,
That mighty place to rise no more again!
For as the wrath of my ill-kindled ire,
So shall my acts partake consuming fire.
Tho' in their trouble they do loudly quail,
Yea, none shall live to tell the mournful tale."

So Jonah told the people of their state,
And warn'd them of their near-impending fate,
When lo ! the king of Nineveh arose,
And cast away his robes and princely clothes ;
Throughout the city he proclaim'd a fast,
They put on sackcloth from the first to last ;
From God's avengeful threat they shrunk appall'd,
And on His name for true forgiveness call'd.
So when God saw that from their evil ways
They turn'd and to Him offered up their praise,
Then He repented at His firm decree,
And turn'd His heart in favour of their plea :
“ For shall I turn this city into hell ?
When six score thousand scarce the numbers tell,”
He said, “ of those who cannot yet discern
The right from wrong, who have their state to learn ;
With many cattle on her favour'd hills,
And bleating flocks beside her flowing rills.”
So God forgot the covenant He made,
And long Assyria's blasting rod delay'd¹
But now the servant of the Lord was wroth
That He had failed to send His angel forth,
And prayed thus : “ O God, my life receive,
For 'twould be better than I here should live :
That is the reason I before did flee,
Because I knew the kindness great of Thee.”
How vain the thought possess'd his mortal frame
To wish for honour by a city's flame.
So Jonah went unto the eastern side,
And built a tent wherein he might abide
To see the angel of the Lord descend
In fiery clouds—the city's awful end !

The heat being great, God caused a gourd to grow,
Beneath the shade glad Jonah felt 'twas so ;
But when he rose upon the future day,
Ate by a worm, it witherèd away.
The sun beat hard upon the Prophet's head ;
Again he said, " O God, that I were dead ! "
Lo ! unto him again the holy word
Return'd : " O man ! if this poor simple gourd,
Which thou'st not made to grow, demands thy pity,
Shall not the thousands of this mighty city
By their repentance claim the love of God,
And swerve the fury of His falling rod ? "
But soon, alas ! the wicked Ninevites
Forgot the word of God, and sought delights
In Satan's service ; to their former ways
They turn'd, and to their idols offered praise.
When lo ! the vision of the Elkoshite
Told : " God revengeth in His holy might,
And sayeth thus : ' A jealous God is ours,
To anger slow, yet terrible His powers !
Lo ! in the whirlwind rests His holy seat,
The clouds are dust beneath His hasty feet !
The sea recedeth at His glorious sight !
The rivers shun the presence of His might !
The mountains quake, and as the molten tin
The hills do melt ; the earth, and all therein,
Are burnt ! Who can the fierceness of his ire
Withstand, or brave the fury of His fire ?
But yet, the Lord is good, and in the day
Of trouble kind to all who Him obey.' "

NINEVEH.

PART II.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY.

Lo ! now the vengeance of the Lord went forth ;
 The fire was kindled of his fearful wrath :
 The day arrived when His imperious word
 Must seek its answer in the murd'rous sword.
 Across the sky the dreadful lightnings flash ;
 Her falling turrets in the waters dash ;
 With mournful fear her wicked people see
 God's great denouncement of their misery ;
 With fearful eyes behold His judgment come,
 And weep to see the horrors of their doom !
 Their God is angry, and no more the day
 Of their destruction will He now delay,
 But at His word His angel goeth forth
 And deals His vengeance on the sons of earth.
 The Tigris rushes o'er her mighty walls,
 The fir-trees shake, the idol temple falls ;
 In crimson blood the Persian's shield is dyed,
 Throughout the streets the conquering Chaldees ride
 With flaming torches, while the cries of night
 Add startling terrors to her dismal plight.
 Her site is alter'd to a gory plain,
 They stumble o'er the many heaps of slain,

While princes stagger in their drunken dream,
Their riches swell the vast polluted stream,
The place of bloodshed and the den of lies.
In vain her people call in pitying cries,
For tribulation in its darkest form
Conducts the horrors of her ending storm ;
Her ruler falleth, while his mighty host
Of sinful captains mingle with the dust ;
Her roll of shame their Maker's hand unfurl'd,
Held as a caution to the wicked world.
Upon her ways the rattling chariots run ;
In vain the sword the poor lost victims shun,
For as the locusts on the midday air,
The mighty host of her besiegers were.
The storm ariseth as the desert wind,
It passeth o'er, and nought is left behind,
For, lo ! the cloud from heaven doth descend
With flaming fire, and brings her awful end.
In vain to her was great Egyptia's might ;
The strength of Ethiops, though 'twas infinite,
Could not relieve her when the Persian host
Proclaim'd, in joy, her bloody contest lost.
Her strength departed, as a drop of rain
So fell the famous city of the plain :
No voice survived the ruin to bewail,
No herald lived to tell the mournful tale ;
And they who in the paths of Satan trod
Now saw, alas ! that Jonah's Lord was God.
No more they fill their guilty cups with wine ;
No more they worship at the idol shrine ;
No more they sound the clamours of their mirth,
But mourn with grief the moment of their birth.

High in the clouds the glaring flames uplift,
And show the horrors of the awful night;
The mighty river rolls in stormy mood,
Her heaving waters tinged with human blood,
While hungry vultures settle on the plain,
And ravening wolves devour the mangled slain.
Lo! there's no healing for the grievous bruise;
The nations all a pitying tear refuse;
And as a rock beneath the Stygian sea,
Whose dangerous form no human eye can see,
Or as a flower that fadeth on the plain
By none observed, or as the summer rain,
So was the glory, Nineveh, of thee
Laid waste in shame by His divine decree.
Thy merchants, many as the stars that stud
The paths of heaven, thy men of royal blood—
Yea, all thy strongholds—as a barren tree,
Before the fire of Heaven's vengeance flee.
Alas! they learn their awful lot too late,
Repent in vain, and ponder o'er their fate,
For God hath spoken, and the gates of hell
Were open'd wide—the guilty city fell.
Oh! as a warning may its fearful end
To every nation of the world descend.



HUMAN LIFE.

A POEM IN BLANK VERSE, IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

"Green as the bay-tree, ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen;
I passed, and they were gone."—COWPER.

ARGUMENT.

The wisdom of the Creator—His just laws—His great and holy design—The sorrows and troubles he awardeth to us in our earthly pilgrimage below for our benefit hereafter.

O MAN !

Hast thou lived here so long as this,
And ne'er inquired from whence thou came,
Or what's the object of thy being ?
The great design of Him who dwells
Above, who holds the orbs of light,
And guides revolving worlds in tracts
Of boundless space, who holds the roll
Of wise decree, of sacred law,
Thy steps to guide, thy ways to keep,
In holy fear, from greater hurt
Of that vile spirit who thy heart
Will hard beset, at last descend
With some fair prize, some tempting bait,—
Then thou the law must keep in mind,

And hedge around that vast progenitor
Of every action, deed, and thought !
Think not the course of thy career
Is smooth and fair. Alas ! though roses grow
In different parts, the piercing thorn
Upholds its hardy head, and takes
The sweetness of the perfume off,
Gives thee a pain to bear ; when it
Hath passed away, another more
Vexatious cloud of care appears,
And hurts thy chance, once good.
Away ! thy views, which once appear'd
Resplendent, now are clothed in dark,
Obscuring shades of gloomy storms,
Who break in fury on thy head,
Till lastly, overwhelm'd with pain,
Vexatious grief, and care, thou sink'st
Beneath the weight.
But if thou seest where the storm
Of tribulation takes its rise,
With loving heart thou own'st the just,
Unerring ways of Providence, and thank'st
Thy Maker for the storm, the bitter taste
Of life, that in perfection true thou canst
Its varied sweets enjoy.
Who was it brought thee forth, and gave
Thee life, so sweet, so verified,
So admirable, and so truly just ?
Who gave thee reason for thy use below,
To aid thee in the path that leads
To fairer worlds above ?
For, as the lighthouse on the lonely rock

Serves the poor mariner for a guide
Through raging and tempestuous seas,
And lastly brings him safely through
The rolling billows of the mighty deep,
So it directeth thee, and lastly lands
Thee on the peaceful shore, where storms
Rage not, where tempests ever sleep !
Who was it, when the tempter touch'd
The elbow for thy own compliance,
And to thy mind proclaim'd :
" If thou obey'st, these noble palaces,
These verdant plains, through which the streams
Of fortune flow, these dazzling thrones,
These everlasting, all-enduring gems
Of earth and life, if thou acced'st
Unto my will, all, yea, all ! are thine " ?
Who placed within thine heart the word
Of Heaven's avowed sanction ? No !
Who show'd to thee the all-destroying fruits
Which grow upon that tree, though to the eye
Well they appear ? But once, yea, once,
If thou thereof doth taste, alas ! alas !
The spirit of thy holy might hath flown,
Thy reason faints, while evil beings drag
Thy poor forgotten body to the dark
Abode of devils !
Then, man, I say, for reason at the hands
Of God, impart thy gratitude to Him,
And thank ; thy fate is made divine
Through Him, and not, through Satan, black !
And next inquire, Where can I behold
The good, the holy, and the great design

In giving me temptations, trials, here?
In planting nettles on the walk of life,
In placing rocks my voyage to obstruct,
Or casting vain delusions at my feet?
Though my poor futile pen will fail, I doubt,
In here describing the Almighty's wish;
Yet, as I write, Fate rule it just. It is:
When man upon the stage of life
Appears, a portion of his time is spent
In idle toil, in foolish training,
Till he arrives in time at every point
Expert, as earthly laws denounce.
But let us see him in the race of life:
The signal falls, he starts; alas!
'Tis false; the sandal of his foot
Is loosed. Lo! he attempts again.
He goeth not far before a lovely saint—
Of earth, I mean, not one sublime,
Though fair—saluteth him.
At once his heart is wrapt
In love. He plays his part
In this alluring scene: delightful
Are the imprecations of his mind.
This passes off; he journeys on.
Lo! Fortune at his feet appears, and brings
Him riches, wealth, enticing baits,
From her great master. Now he stops,
And loseth sight of his performance
In the earthly race.
But now, alas! the sable nymph of sorrow
Visits him in her ill-omen'd form:
He falls, the chequer'd victim of her rod,

And casts away the smiles of fortune.
In earnest once more to begin his race,
He goeth on a while, till she withdraw'th
Her rod. Alas, he once more sinks
Into the slumber of his sinfulness,
And near forgets his Maker lives.
While dire affliction intervenes,
(If not too harsh, 'tis well,)
He reasons, and well ponders
O'er his fate, repenteth much,
And lives;
But if misfortune aims the deadly blow,
Alas, alas! he dies, and truth, too horrid, tells
no tale.



HUMAN LIFE.

PART II.

"Look on this picture; and on that."—SHAKESPEARE.

ARGUMENT.

'Tis wrong to paint the scene of human life too dark : 'tis not a desert, or stormy voyage, a scene of wretchedness, a wilderness, or a gloomy travel.

BUT 'twould be wrong, yea, wrong indeed,
 To paint the human scene
 A scene of woe !
 Or deem those laws unfair
 By our Creator given, in love,
 For our enjoyment and our good.
 The earth is not a desert wild ;
 For it hath rolling streams
 That weave the songs of love
 In rippling through the plain ;
 For it hath fruitful trees
 Who bend their forms for man,
 And cast their fruits so sweet,
 So beautified by nature,
 Beneath his lordly care ;
 For it hath graceful brutes,
 Though far more powerful and strong
 Than man. Yet, by that law
 So good, so truly given
 By God himself,

They lack that mighty art,
They lack that heavenly gift
Of man, his power of thought
And instinct, so remain
Subservient at his will.
The cup of human life
Is not a cup of bitterness ;
It giveth many sweets
To those who drink aright.
'Tis not the draught that's wrongly mingled,
But 'tis the drinker's fault !
Some drink too deep,
And swallow all at once ;
Confused and bitter
Are the draughts, to those ;
While others sip, like poison'd wine,
The draught, desire no more,
And by their puny hearts
E'en shun the whole !
In vain they think the sweets
Are separate from the rest,
For so it cannot be !
They spend their years in useless toil
To seek the blushing rose that grows
Without a piercing thorn.
Life's not a stormy voyage all throughout,
Though wild the tempests rave,
And fierce the stormy winds
Drive through the tatter'd sails,
Though harsh the sea-gull cries,
And dark the evening reigns,
In sable terrors wrapp'd.

In time the tempest rests,
In time the whirlwinds cease,
In time the evening's tumults seek
The shades of sunlit dawning,
And there's a radiant morning
And there's a glorious calm.
'Tis not a scene of wretchedness,
Or broken-hearted plight;
The weeping mother may be pitied
As she bids her only son
Adieu! who quits his homely hearth
To share the perils and the toils of war.
But still swift Time is on the march,
When few chapters flee the roll
Of age.
Her darling son,
Her imaged love,
Who's braved the countless list
Of perils, and survived the fight
Of desperate carnage,
And escaped the scythe
Of Death,
Returns!
She weepeth not for grief,
But joy!
Those tears she shed long since,
For frantic madness,
Trickle down in happy flowings
From her delighted cheeks.
How blest the meeting is!
Is this a gloomy scene?
No, 'tis a ray reflected from the sky,

A beam of heavenly light,
To cheer the lot of human fate,
And tell there is a God,
Who knoweth every thought,
Who seeth every heart.
The world is not a wilderness
Of barren shrubs, or limpid streams,
Or cruel gales, which blow upon
The weary pilgrim, and in night
Do strike him from its path,—
For mark the orphan child,
With empty wallet on his back,
And tearful eyes, doth start
Into the ways of life, alas !
With bitter pangs of hunger oft oppress'd ;
And oft the sound of stern denial
Doth ring those ears of innocence !
He sees the cotter's meal
Upon the whitewash'd board,
With cheerful fire and frugal fare ;
Though all is still, he enters not.
Is not that a mind of valour,
Is not that a heart of honour,
Living in that careworn child !
Who, spite the pangs of hunger,
And the dense calls of thirst,
Dares not intrude, and take thereof ?
For he is well aware
'Tis bad to beg his bread,—
But still, yea, better far
Than steal.
He journeys on ; in time his mind

Is made aware of various means
To earn his scanty crust;
He, with his little sum
Acquired by anxious toil,
Now seeks a better mart.
He buyeth in a stock ;
From door to door he wends
His weary course, to tend
His little merchandise
For coin or welcome bread.
In time, industry clothes his back ;
In time, hard labour weaves his bed,
And peaceful slumbers rest his frame.
No loathsome hut he seeks at night
To rest ; he has a Home.
'Tis well he goeth on aright,
And mounteth up the hill of life ;
The orphan boy becomes a noble man ;
The child forlorn becomes a citizen !
His latter days are radiant ;
His end of life is happiness.
Is this a gloomy scene ?
For by the love of honesty—
For by the love of fame—
All can mount the hill of life ;
All can see the voyage through ;
All can taste its many sweets ;
All can of its joys partake.
'Tis not a gloomy scene, I say,
Where friendship, love, and mirth,
Where honour, peace, and bliss,
Are given by Him who for us made

This wondrous world,
And who hath said,
If we obey His holy word
Whilst we remain on earth,
His love upon us pours;
But when we quit the stage of life
Eternal joy is ours!



THE BIRTH OF BURNS,

THE CALEDONIAN BARD.

WRITTEN FOR THE FESTIVAL HELD, JANUARY 25TH, 1859, BY
THE HONOURABLE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY AT SYDEN-
HAM, BEING THE CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH.

Lo! duty blest, the soul of Britain fires,
While love sincere her high-born muse inspires,
For Time hath brought kind Mem'ry on his wing,
And years have wrought the oracles we sing.
The day has come when Caledonia's pile
Of high Parnassus from the sea-girt isle
Deserves a line, a highly worthy line,
To grace the tablet of her minstrel's shrine.
O, ye who dwell on Albion's favour'd shore,
Attune your lyres, and play his praises o'er.
Ye poets, laud his memory, ever dear,
Whose tomb recalls a universal tear.
Ye British bards, respect his honour'd name;
From dark oblivion now restore his fame;
For, mark, 'twas not upon the dazzling throne—
A prince—Minerva claim'd her fav'rite son;
'Twas not a chief who ruled a martial train,
Or bright commander of the wat'ry main;
But in the humble service of the plough
She found her champion, there around him threw
Her graceful robe; to him the guiding rein

She gave to lead the chariots of her train.
Unknown to fame, a simple rustic swain,
And, as a fiery comet of the night
Rolls on with train of vast illumined light,
Though first a speck upon the sky appears,
Around the world its wondrous circuit steers,—
So he arose ; and, as a flickering spark
Throws forth a light when all around is dark,
But kindles gently to a brilliant flare,
With dazzling flame illumines the midnight air,—
He gather'd light : at length his glorious ray
Turn'd Scotland's night of sable reign to day.
'Tis with regret, O worthy bard, we see
Ourselves unfit to rightly honour thee,
Who bless'd the scroll with magic arts profound,
While envying nations cast their eyes around.
Thy name, O Burns ! while worthy memories steer
The poet's pen to mark a bright career,
While through the skies majestic planets roll,
While Hope's blest spirit cheers the pensive soul,—
Shall live a guide ; while Time's vast work is o'er,
Admiring kingdoms shall thy name adore.
Long o'er thy loss will grateful Scotland weep,
And England cast her blessings on thy sleep ;
Yea, on this day Hibernia strikes the string,
Thy glorious acts her children nobly sing ;
While Clio o'er the universe shall wield
Her mystic rod,—thou art her chosen shield.
Now thou hast fled these earthly courts, while we,
Like as the moon, with borrow'd light, from thee
Derive our beam of wit. O, could thy pen
Rush in my rhyme and gild my humble strain,

Then would I match the noble prince of lay,
Nor fear the laureate, or the great Mackay,
But win the palm of Helicon to-day.

Well may Old England dance in seemly joy,
And laugh in mirth to think the Highland boy
First saw the light where her imperial wand
Resides in peace and owns beloved command.
Well may she gladden at the glorious sight,
And sweep her lyre in tunes of gay delight,
To count the gem of Caledonia's shore
Amongst her jewels. Yea, for evermore
We will uphold the myth of Shanter's tale,
While pilgrims swarm the vast Parnassian vale ;
While loving thought, or Horne's ode divine,
Shall live avow'd or yet be called to min',
We'll pledge a cup of kindness dear
To auld lang syne.

Though Scotland's warriors long remember'd be,
Though Bruce and Wallace crown'd her history,
And graced the standard of her martial fame,
Their glory fades, few relics tell their claim ;
Their mighty shields, the swords they dipp'd in blood,
Are eaten up, while in Time's rolling flood
Their memories sink : though each as Hector brave,
Few are the tears shed on the conqueror's grave ;
Yet there dwelt one in Scotland's bonnie isle,
Unknown, unheard of in his quaintly style,
A highland swain, who own'd Apollo's might,
Clothed fair Olympus in a robe of light ;
He placed his country in the foremost line

Of earth's inspired ; bid her for ever shine
While her famed mountains raise their snowy heads,
While her smooth lochs flow o'er romantic beds,
While merry maidens through her valleys stray,
While ivy weaves its tendrils on the spray,
So long the song of auld acquaintance, dear
To Burns, shall rise in tuneful accents clear ;
So long her bards shall swell the glorious strain,
Revive his laurels as the summer rain ;
So long her nymphs shall strike the magic string,
And tune their hearts his godly acts to sing.
O, may the portals of the heavens move,
Receive his spirit in the realms of love.

Remember well this festive day doth bring
A century's burden on Time's fiery wing ;
To-day one hundred years desert the stage,
And quit the era of the fleeting age,
Since Burns appear'd amongst the dust of earth,
Since Fate devised the hour of his birth,
Since hearts were gladden'd in the rustic dome.
When Fortune smiled upon the Highland home,
She blest her smile in Heaven's familiar strain,
And lit her torch on Ayrshire's frozen plain ;
She built her temple by the bonnie Doon,
Whose waters slept beneath the wintry moon.
'Twas night when Nannie and the witches danced—
For joy around their boiling cauldrons pranced ;
Quick on their brooms they flew across the air,
And fill'd the sky with one infernal glare ;
When wraiths and goblins lined the fearful way,
And spirits throng'd the kirk of Alloway ;

That night a meteor cleft the midnight air,
Of brighter cast than Etna's fearful glare.
'Twas then the herald of auspicious love
Alighted in the Caledonian grove.
She says, "Let me the Muses' sweets distil;
I'll plant a vineyard on the barren hill."
As thus she spoke her noble act was done;
Euterpe gloried in her infant son!

Ye great adorers of departed fame,
Who merit Cicero's phrase, or Pliny's name;
Ye who in raptured fancy all admire
The pen of Homer or the Theban lyre,
Gird up your ardour; now, I say, adore
And laud the ploughboy of your neighbouring shore,
Whom Heaven hath tuned amid the speechless throng,
Whom Nature gave sincerity of song.
O! wonder not; behold, his living charms
Shall long survive the fate of Scotia's arms!

Yes! in that glorious cause, for ever strong,
The name of Burns shall form the poet's song;
Though Time's vast currents swell and roll away,
Shall still survive, and suffer no decay.
May England e'er on his remembrance dwell,
Delight the world his noble worth to tell.

O, may the flambeau of terrestrial flame
This day uplift the Scottish minstrel's name.
Children of Albion, join the festive throng—
Yea, all unite and swell the glorious song.

We meet not here to laud a tyrant's reign,
But tune our efforts to a brighter strain ;
We meet not here to praise the glorious dead,
Who in the contests of their country bled,
But here behold fair England's chosen few
The path of virtue in its course pursue.
This day the temples of the Muse shall quake,
This day the forum of Diana shake.
May Heaven regard each poet's humble rhyme
A noble effort, and the world sublime.

Rejoice, ye sons of Britain, now rejoice
That Sydenham echoes forth Concordia's voice ;
Rejoice, I say, that Science holds a court
Amid her bowers, and Art a fair resort ;
Record this day upon your queendom's page
A blest occurrence on the roll of age.
Mark well the time when Burns upheld the strain
Of British Muses in their wond'rous train ;
Remember well the patriots who have wrought
This kind memorial—have the nations taught
That Shakespeare ne'er beneath Victoria's sway
Shall die a slave, or Milton sing away
Forgotten ; but while love retains the lead,
While Science weaves a wreath around her head,
So long shall gratitude demand a tear,
The dying laurels of her dead to cheer.
Such is our purpose on this festive time,
Such the frail whisper of my humble rhyme ;
However humble, yet if it doth keep
His mem'ry fresh who in death's torpid sleep
Doth rest, the claim of justice then is paid,

The call of tender gratitude obey'd,
To cast the tribute of a world's returns,
And light the tomb of Caledonia's Burns.
Adieu ! may Heaven bear witness to this scene,
And gild in truth the sceptre of our Queen ;
Long may she reign, and while the King on high
Doth bid the world increase and multiply,
May England lead the universal choir
Of love, and tune to heavenly strains her lyre,
While worlds revolving in their courses turn,
May she revere and grace her minstrel's urn !

But, list ye here, we must not worship man ;
Let it suffice to note the famous plan,
To keep the memory fresh from age's chime,
The son of Orpheus or the son of rhyme.
But that is all ; no licence here is given
To raise a mortal to the ranks of heaven.



ON THE ARRIVAL OF DR. MACKAY FROM AMERICA, 1858.

WELCOME, O son of sweetest rhyme,
 Thou foremost of the noble band ;
 Best wishings of the western clime
 Pursue thee to thy native land.
 Fair minstrels light thy lamp of fame,
 Their blessings on thy merits throng,
 While mystic muses laud thy name
 With honours of poetic song.

Rude storms and tempests, cheerless rain,
 Pass'd thy favour'd vessel by ;
 Angry winds and hurricanes
 Rode in peace along the sky.
 Nature's children, well delighted,
 Echoed o'er the liquid seas
 Truths which never can be slighted—
 Fill'd in joy the peaceful breeze.

In blissful tones thy genius claim'd
 Amazement from the wond'ring throng ;
 Earth's enraptured lists proclaimed
 The merits of thy British song.

O! could I trace the records o'er,
Or scan the roll of flying age,
Thy wisdom far above would soar,
And swell the glories of the page.

In pride the stars of western might,
Gay in response, rejoicing smiled,
When visions of serene delight
Beset thy heart in fancies wild.
'Twas then the true and hallowed flame
Of love relax'd thy inmost thought,
Held up to view thy nation's fame,
The world thy fathers' glory taught.

O, let us hail thy blest return
With songs of mirth and festive glee,
And may that flame for ever burn
Of Britain's honour'd liberty ;
May Fortune speed thee on thy way,
Guide thee safely on the road ;
Wisdom grant its brightest ray,
And lead thee to yon bright abode.

Let Britain smile, while thousands pour
Their blessings on the prince of lay ;
Her children on the western shore
With living laurels crown Mackay ;
English lyres witness keep,
Throw out his praise in tunes serene,
While o'er peaceful zephyrs sweep,
And gild the glories of the scene.

THE DEATH OF HAVELOCK.

Rest, noble Britain, rest ; be Heaven obey'd,
 Since human discord is the dire delight
 Of Death, who now o'er thee extends his shade,
 Pernicious, cruel, regardless of thy right.
 Few warriors merit more distinguished grace
 Than thee, as godlike sprung from Hector's race.

Thy matchless courage we bewail the more,
 Who when, though tens of thousands were
 deprest
 By doubt, thou conquer'dst on that hostile shore,
 And set thy country's trembling mind at rest.
 Even men unborn, with ages yet behind,
 Shall rid their praises on thy glorious mind.

Alas, how rough life's journey, how uneven ;
 How fierce that cruel monster of the tomb !
 Virtue itself can't change the fate of Heaven,
 Or Britain's hero yet in life would bloom.
 Havelock, warrior of thy Queen and State,
 We mourn in sadness thy untimely fate !

Of martial heroes no vain shadow thee ;
 The guilty sepoy trembled at thy name ;
 With fearful looks beheld thy victory,
 And stamped in glory was thy crest of fame.
 Alas, thou suffer'dst, cruel Death to please,
 And fell beneath the sceptre of disease.

Though Heaven proves merciful to us, yet we
Must now regret our melancholy fate,
And lastly hope He has assigned to thee,
Who dwells on high, a far more blest estate
Than we could ever, though we fain would give,
Had Fate designed thee still on earth to live.

With sacrifice before the rising morn,
On India's plains by fruitful hope inspired ;
From camps of peril, and 'mid shades forlorn
Of night thou slaughter of their host required ;
But still thy actions good, as well as brave,
Could not elude the malice of the grave.

To thee thy country's tears are ever due ;
Her lonely barks upon the silent sea
Shall dye their standards in the darkest hue,
And chant thy death in doleful melody,
Whose name shall live beyond the stress of years,
And mem'ry die when Time but disappears.

Angel of truth, thy sacred wings explore ;
Bequeath to England vict'ry o'er the storm
Of dark rebellion on the troubled shore
Of India, and display thy radiant form.
Coupled with virtue, mayst thou ever be
Her brightest guide to all futurity.

THE FINAL SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

PEOPLE of Britain, may it be your pride,
 And great your pleasure to obey the call
 Of love's last efforts, hopeful to confide.
 Alike awake to duty one and all;
 Exert yourselves in sympathy to cheer
 A painful sufferer through seditious fear.

In this attempt shall ever grim Despair,
 Whilst one faint trace of life encheers the sight,
 Once strive to place its desolating lair,
 Or on our fate be suffer'd to alight;
 But Hope, like trees whose stately branches form
 An ample shade, shall brave the wildest storm.

O Time, cease thy quick course, no longer roll,
 If lamentations fill the human heart,
 Or latent feelings seize the mortal soul
 Of man, or he denies his common part.
 But now may Fortune in her goodness reign,
 And shining glory in the case maintain.

May the inconstant goddess us behold
 As warriors ready for the zealous fight
 Of love's endearments—mysteries to unfold,
 All threatening fears to rid and put to flight.

And ye, O Britons, may ye live to see
Your efforts crown'd with brilliant victory.

For by the country that ye all adore,
 With joyless thoughts how can ye turn aside,
Whilst under Heaven a rich kingdom's store
 For such a worthy effort can provide.
But all unite ; may signal glory be
Your actions' witness in eternity.

And if that day arrives, that glorious day,
 Clouds of dark hope dispense ; unite no more,
For ye must fall the overpower'd prey
 Of perseverance and kind mercy's store.
Earth, though oft has mourn'd the painful past,
Shall then rejoice, for Heaven gilds the last.

YE WARRIORS OF BRITAIN.

A MILITARY ODE.

YE Warriors of Britain,
 Now tempests cloud the day,
 Your country seeks your aid again
 To fight her noble way ;
 Your mighty cannon charge again—
 Bid them terrific sound,—
 And rush to the charge,
 When the grape flies thick around,
 When the furious battle rages fierce,
 And the grape flies thick around.

The courage of your fathers
 Shall light your lamps of fame,
 And crown you with the honours true
 Of Great Britannia's name ;
 Ye, with your bright Commander,
 Rise at the trumpet's sound,
 Your loyal rights defend,
 When the grape flies thick around,
 When the furious battle rages fierce,
 And the grape flies thick around.

D

O tell the rebel Hindoo,
Your flags you'd sooner wave
In peace, than take away his life,
And trample on his grave ;
But tell him to beware,
When he hears the battle sound,
If he fights against you
When the grape flies thick around,
When the furious battle rages fierce,
And the grape flies thick around.

But O, ye famous warriors,
Though still the camp-fires burn,
The troubled night shall yet depart,
A brighter day return.
A bumper to Sir Colin's health
Shall pass the circle round.
All hail, that peaceful day
When no grape flies thick around,
When the rage of the battle hath died away,
And no grape flies thick around.



LINES ON STANDING UPON
THE BELFRY OF ST. BOTOLPH'S
AT SUNRISE.

I stood upon thy tow'r when heaven's arch
Was glorious in the sun's returning march ;
No sounds awoke the silence of the street,
The peaceful borough slumbered at my feet ;
The distant woods seemed bright, and placid gales
Rushed forth in sweetness o'er the sun-clad vales ;
While far above, in gladsome blush of day,
The early lark resumed its tuneful lay.

Such was my vision at the early dawn
Of day, when Sol lit up the cheerful morn !
I hear below the rolling waters dash
Upon the beach ; I see the whirl and flash,
As just in sight the crested waves advance,
The frothy spume upon their ripples dance ;
The merry clamour of the seaman's song
Salutes my hearing as he glides along.

In time I see from chimneys here and there
White clouds of smoke quick vanish into air ;
While from thy noble form the mighty chime
Repeats our warning of the passing time ;

And as I look below it is but just
To breathe a blessing on the sleeping dust,
Who long have cast away their earthly bloom,
And lie forgotten in the silent tomb !

I think I hear the voice of sable knights
Pronounce their anger from thy dizzy heights ;
Their noisy accents yet my ears assail,
And wake the echoes of the peaceful vale.
But as I mused the flitting time had flown,
That bade me from the pleasing scene begone,
Enlist myself on truth and duty's side,
And play my portion in the world untried.



WISDOM IN OLD AGE.

ALTHOUGH full fifty years have flown
Since we were join'd together ;
Though num'rous hopes and fears we've known,
The storms of every weather ;
Though age hath brought us on to see
Life's cares and trials here,
It shall not force my heart from thee,
John Robinson, my dear.

Though torpid age doth set me fast,
My love can never chill,
But breathes, as in the changing past,
Resemblance to thy will.
O, lastly, Johnny, may we lay
Together in the tomb,
And rise upon the final day
To live in endless bloom.



THE SLAVE.

'Twas as the shades of evening fell
On verdant slope and mossy dell,
I thought I heard a mournful sound
From yonder maple-tree rebound ;
I hurried forth—to my dismay,
A hunted negro bleeding lay !

With heat oppress'd and mangled frame,
Upon his back the brand of shame
He wore ; the hour of his birth
He cursed, and fell upon the earth.
He laid him down to weep and die,
Far from the bloodhound's yelling cry.

I tried to cheer, but all in vain ;
Rack'd with the tortures of his pain,
His spirit could return no more.
As he lay weltering in his gore,
Yet one consoling thought had he
In death—from earthly demons free.

Alas ! I hear the distant bay
Of hunters in their startled lay ;
And with a horrid shout, and sound
Of blood, they eager forward bound ;
The dogs his lifeless body eat,
Fight, growl, and quarrel o'er their treat.

CHRISTMAS.

O Guest! we hail thy welcome feet,
And exult in thy looks so sweet;
Are thankful for thy joyous face,
And triumph in thy warm embrace.
We know that thou hast come to cheer
Us in the winter of the year;
Let us rejoice, our mountains ring,
Our bells proclaim thy welcoming.

Though days are short, and nights are long,
They can't delay our humble song,
But we will sing a song as gay
As in the merry month of May.
Let all be peace upon the earth;
Let the valleys ring with mirth;
With cheerful hearts may all agree,
And sing a touching melody.

Let us, like brooks from leafy dells,
Pour forth unwearied canticles;
O let us magnify and spread
The blessings that adorn thy head:

May now our joyful voices blend,
Like incense to the skies ascend;
And all, in one harmonious strain,
Proclaim the glories of thy reign.

May nightly waits, and daily bands,
Receive the blessings of thy hands;
Bid him with sorrow in his soul
To drown it in the festive bowl:
So pass the cup in social mirth,
And pass the yule log on the hearth,—
For Christmas reigns; let every voice
Exclaim, let every heart rejoice!



ANOTHER ON CHRISTMAS.

YE sons of earth, rejoice
 That Christmas comes again ;
 O laud with merry voice
 The glories of his reign.

Hark ! the angels sing,
 In hymns of festive song,
 The glories of their king ;—
 O hear the heavenly throng.

Ye minstrels here below,
 Attune your sacred lyres,
 And run the joyful stanzas through
 In their harmonious fires.

Ye saints, the chorus swell
 To Bethlehem's shining Star ;
 Join the celestial peal,
 And sound His praise afar.

Ye worldly hosts, return
 To grateful duty mild ;
 O bid the nations learn
 When Christ was but a child !

ON WALKING BY THE RIVER SLEA - BEFORE SUNRISE.

'Twas at the early dawn of day, before bright Sol
had shed
His rays across the heavenly arch, I wander'd by thy
bed.

Few sounds disturb'd my musing, for all around was
still,
Save the rippling of the waters and the clicking of
the mill.

When quaint visions hard beset me of the bonny
days of old—
Visions of mysterious doings, by the roll of ages told ;

Visions of the crowd assembled, where that grey old
ancient spire
Rears its head unto the skies—visions of the monk
and friar.

As I pass'd the noble relic of good Alexander's pride,
Lo! I heard the sounds of horsemen on the early
breezes ride ;

Lo ! I saw fierce Cromwell's legions quickly scale the
mighty wall ;
Too I saw the turrets tremble, and the noble castle
fall.

I beheld the lofty watch-tow'r, where the ivy wove
its spray,
Fall beneath the sudden fire, through the mists of
morning grey.

I beheld the martial phalanx rise the hill in warlike
rows,
Where the gems of Flora blossom, where the blush-
ing violet grows.

But I wander'd on till Phœbus rode in might along
the sky,
As the vapours of the morning quickly from his pre-
sence fly.

Now the time was fast departing, duty bid me from
it flee :
'Tis with fond delight I think upon my ramble by
the Slea.



DAYBREAK.

Lo! sweet silence greets the morning, hails the
 opening of the day,
 As the rising king of glory drives the early dews
 away;—

When the reigning orbs of midnight quit their
 thrones of lurid glare,
 When no sounds of busy populace do ride along the
 air;—

When the iron sons of labour seek their life-accus-
 tom'd toil,
 And the travellers on the stage of life begin their
 daily broil;—

In the grove the songsters welcome, with their notes
 of festive glee,
 Gladsome blushing of the morning, in sweet tones of
 melody.

But in time the rays of Phœbus in their majesty
 break forth,
 As the eastern portals shed their rays of brightness
 on the earth;

While the clouds of smoky vapour from the scatter'd
 cots arise,
 As their wreaths of sombre blackness quickly vanish
 in the skies;

As the softly flowing waters trickle through the
peaceful vale,

Lo ! I hear the watchful linnet from the hawthorn
tell its tale.

True, the spirit of enchantment weaves a charm
around the hour,

As th' illumined flash of splendour strikes upon the
mossy tower.

As the goddess of the morning strews across the
graceful lawn

Her fairy gems of sprightliness to hail the rising
dawn,—

Lo ! swift Time moves on his errand, all the visions
flee away, ,

And the world awaketh to the stern realities of day.



THE GREETING OF THE AUSTRALIANS TO THE PRIMROSE OF ENGLAND.

O WAIT, ye dearest little ones, in time ye all shall see
The messenger of visions from your home beyond the sea ;
Lest you harm its tender foliage, oh, treat it carefully.

Rush not, ye burly, hardy ones ; oh, be of sober cast,
Lest ye destroy its loveliness, its comely beauty blast :
Remember, if it prospereth, it shall for ever last.

What blissful tidings from the land of heaven doth she
bring !

What pleasure in our hearts, as we gaze upon her, spring !
What beamings of our home beloved to her tender branches
cling !

Remember, 'tis the selfsame flower your noble fathers bore
Upon their crimson vests to kirk in merry days of yore.
Oh, joyful hail its presence where it never came before.

O flower of our fatherland, in England's vale serene,
Where flows the peaceful streamlet, upon its banks are seen
Thee, with a host of Flora's gems who own thee blushing
queen.

Oft have I in the spring of life, with playmates blithe and
gay,
As to the summer skies arose the perfume of the hay,
Sought thy lone sequester'd nook, and borne thee safe away.

Oh, virgin of the prairie, may Heaven speed thy bloom !
Mayst thou smile in delight for endless years to come,
To grace our children's garlands, and cheer their desert
home.

O darling of simplicity, O beam of freedom's ray,
That was a day of hallow'd bliss, a ne'er forgotten day,
When England to the distant land sent thee in love away.

But far more joyful was the day, as from the courts above,
A pilgrim of blest innocence, they welcom'd thee in love :
The gem of Flora in the west, oh, mayst thou ever prove !

Then, when the present race recline in peace within the
bower

Of death, may future generations name thee blest of flowers,
And praise the day when thou arrivest from this fair land
of ours.

NOTE.—This beautiful little flower, so common in the fields and lanes in Britain, was unknown to Australia until a little time since, when one was imported from England. "The sensation it produced no one can describe; thousands of people welcomed it on shore, and the day of its presence was celebrated with the most profound delight."—*Illustrated London News*.



ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

O PLACID nymph, of wisdom's dearest wile,
 On human scenes pray cast thy sacred smile ;
 Smile on the monarch's fate, the peasant's lot,
 Bequeath thy blessings to the throne and cot ;
 Place thy bright standard in the human breast,
 And set its every idle thought at rest ;
 Show man that rust, and stern corruptions spoil,
 Consume th' attainments of his fruitless toil ;
 The empty virtues of that course reveal,
 Where moths destroy, and thieves break through and
 steal.

Teach him to hoard no paltry treasure here,
 But look on high, and frame his portion there,
 Where fortune's blessing never never dies,
 No disappointment lurks within the prize ;
 Where envied treasures never find decay,
 No sinful thief can bear the gem away.
 Tell man on earth, though better he may fare,
 Yet in the grave that all are equal there ;
 For death alike his ghastly visit pays,
 O'er rich and poor alike his sceptre sways :
 The sad, the thoughtful, and the gay and blythe,
 All disappear before his powerful scythe.
 May thy fair influence to the mind be given,
 To live below in glorious hope of heaven.

"OLD AGE, I FEAR THEE NOT."

OLD age, thou canst not give me pain—

Ye silver tresses on my head,

Ye shall not force me to complain,

Because my youthful days are fled.

I hope to live in cities fair,

Where godlike forms for ever dwell ;

No feet return who wander there—

Of them no human tongue can tell.

My life was like the summer flower,

Or as the ripple on the sea,

Or as the fragrance of the bower,

That scents the air delightfully.

As first the little bud appears,

And next to view the lovely bloom,

So came successively the years,

And drew me nearer to the tomb.

The dream is o'er, the phantom flies,

Nought can arrest the fleeting course

Of life, who in its nature dies,

And breathes contempt on human force.

But still fair Hope, on wings of might,

Conveys me to those courts above,

Where angels dwell in radiant light,

And reign in everlasting love.

E

THE MORNING STAR.

(An humble appendage to the Poem "The Evening Star.")

OH, beautiful star, as the watch of the sky
 Thou shinest in thy fulness of glory alone;
 Now the rest of the orbs from the firmament fly,
 Whose bright rays upon us celestial shone.
 Beautiful star! Oh, beautiful star!
 Star of the daybreak, Oh, beautiful star!

Who art thou? The herald of holy decree,
 The promise of bliss in the region above;
 In joy we behold the fair presence of thee,
 Who frameth our hopes in the city of love.
 Beautiful star! Oh, beautiful star!
 Star of bright promise, Oh, beautiful star!

As Sol from the clouds of the east doth arise,
 Thou beacon'st the course of his aerial way,
 Till at length in full glory he lighteth the skies,
 And bringeth unto us the blessings of day.
 Beautiful star! Oh, beautiful star!
 Star of the sunrise, Oh, beautiful star!

Beautiful star! fair vision of light!
 Glories divine thy circuit attend,
 Thou changest the gloom and the darkness of night
 Into day, with its pleasures that never shall end.
 Beautiful star! Oh, beautiful star!
 Star of the morning, Oh, beautiful star.

THE HOME OF MY FATHERS.

THOUGH life's many changes set me far apart
From the joys of my childhood, the scenes of my
youth,

They never can alter the love of my heart,
That records my earliest actions in truth.

Though tempests of this world continually wage
Their volleys of strife and cause me to regret,
They never can blot from kind memory's page ;—
Oh, the home of my fathers I ne'er can forget !

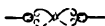
Though far from the bounds of my nation I roam,
If I travel the kingdoms far over the sea,
That bright shining star that illumines my home
Still throws the fair light of its rays over me.
O lamp of the universe ! bright little star !
The roll of thy glory remains yet unfurl'd,
The sound of thy coming ariseth afar,
O gem of my fatherland ! guide of the world !

In the climes of the north, in the seas of the west,
In the tent of the Arab, where freedom gives birth
To the smile of content, there lieth at rest
The counsel of Britain, the pride of the earth.
To me she is dearest ; who think well may roam,
And cross the broad ocean their fortunes to get,
But in her is my temple of love and my home,
Oh, the land of my fathers I never will quit !

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

WHEN young I left my father's cot,
 Bid every childish scene adieu,
 The battle-field my chosen lot,
 With victory and fame in view.
 I heeded not my mother's prayer,
 My father's wish I ask'd no more,
 But banish'd from me every care,
 And sought the fiery cannons' roar.

But when the battle's rage was o'er,
 As I lay on the dismal plain,
 'Twas then I thought of home once more—
 Those happy scenes flew back again.
 I dreamt I sat beside the brook
 That murmurs through my father's ground,
 Whilst far above I heard the rook,—
 Alas! 'twas but the trumpet's sound.



OUR NATIVE ISLE.

DEAR is our Isle, our Native Isle,
 Where battled tower and moated gate
 Are objects only for the spoil
 Of hoary age to decorate.
 Oh! we may gladly all rejoice,
 Who dwell on Britain's favour'd ground,
 Where freedom bids the welcome voice
 Of peace in happiness resound.

No haughty mandate fills our throne,
 Or sways the sceptre of our land;
 But love and liberty alone
 On every side go hand in hand :
 May Heaven guide our gracious Queen,
 And teach her long to rule aright ;
 O may, whilst on life's chequered scene,
 Her people serve her with delight.

Abroad we have no foes to fear ;
 Though despots frown we heed them not,
 For concord reigns triumphant here,
 Alike in palace and in cot.
 Enlivening sound of magic fire,
 How sweet to hear the cheerful strain
 That issues from thy golden lyre,
 As Orpheus strikes its cords again !

Delightful land ! O happy Isle !
I like no other clime as thee ;
Though treasures great may tempt and smile,
Lost is their every charm to me.
Home of my Fathers ! nation blest !
While happy generations lie
Beneath thy turf, in silent rest,
So in thee may I live and die.



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

O NOBLE pile ! of sacred age,
 By chieftains built, who stoutly bore
 Their spears of might to grace the page
 Of patron saint in days of yore.
 How solemn is the evening breath
 That echoes through thy cells of death,
 Where bygone generations lie
 In hope of blest eternity.

As to the sky thy lofty spire
 Approach'd, our fathers in their might
 Of zeal, re-echoed through thy choir,
 The sacred glories of their right.
 I think I see them in their praise,
 As through the arch the morning rays
 Of Phœbus steal—they lift on high
 Their thanks for signal victory.

Though Cromwell tried by cannon's might,
 With troops of horsemen clad in mail,
 To lay thee powerless on thy site,
 Or cast thee helpless in the vale ;
 Though far around thy neighbours fell ;
 Though few the records they can tell ;
 Yet, as a pilgrim of the sky,
 Thou bear'st pathetic sanctity.

No more the horrid martial sound
Doth ride upon the loathsome air ;
No more the watchman in his round
Repeats the word—Beware ! Beware !
No legions stand without thy wall ;
No rushing troops obey the call—
“To battle come !” No eye discerns,
No voice proclaims—“The city burns.”

Be not my humble rhyme misplaced,
My vision cheated, that can see
The shadow of thy bygone past
In man’s adoring memory.
Well may the citizens be vain,
Who dwell around thy hallow’d fane,
To spread below, and lift on high,
The tidings of thy mystery.

Thy mighty towers have lived throughout
The strength of many centuries’ storms ;
The fiery ball, the battle shout,
With dangers in beleaguer’d form.
O mayst thou stand while service pure
In earthly choirs shall endure ;
O mayst thou stand while thou art given
To be the favour’d spot of Heaven.



HARVEST HOME.

I LOVE to see the old oak bear
 The litter of the golden sheaf;
I love to read those records rare
 That fill the page of Autumn's leaf;
I love to see a cheerful smile
 Alight upon the peasant's cheek,
Whose thoughts no downcast looks beguile,
 Whose mighty arm is seldom weak.

I love to hear the mirthful sound
 That issues from the humble cot,
Where hearts in happiness rebound
 And plenty crowns their joyful lot.
Though last, but surely not the least,
 May gracious blessings e'er alight
On him who shares his fruitful feast,
 And spares the widow's humble mite.

I love to hear the early lark,
 That tuneful minstrel of the sky;
The bat and screeching owl at dark,
 With them in gladness would I fly:
But still I love, yea better far
 Than Livy's festal lay of Rome,
To hear those sounds, that cleave the air,
 Of joyful, welcome "harvest home."

CHILDHOOD.

O THE days of joy and gladness,
 When my heart was light and gay,
 When the thought of gloomy sadness
 Brighter pleasures chased away;
 I can ne'er from kind reflection
 Blot the record of those scenes,
 Memory blest; for its protection,
 In each trial intervenes.

It seems to me but yesterday,
 Or rather as my latest dream,
 When I my primer hurl'd away,
 And cast the chicken in the stream,
 Rode on papa's faithful hobby,
 As the hawthorn blossom white,
 Got poor little "Trick" and "Bobby,"
 First to play and then to fight.

When I and my little brothers
 Ran each other round the room,
 When kind mamma invited others,
 At my birthday all to come;
 How sweet! the fiddler of the town
 Swept his strings with magic fire,
 How gay we tripp'd to every tune,
 Till the long night did expire.

Alas! those scenes are gone for ever;
I must climb the hill of life,
I must cross the flowing river,
As the current rolls in strife.
But when I've traced the slippery way
Of youth, and age's course began,
May I exclaim, "O blessed day!
When I became a thoughtful man."



THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

I saw upon a sunny site
 A graceful floweret bloom,
 But cruel frost at coming night
 Convey'd it to the tomb.

I saw upon this busy stage
 Delighted children play,
 But death, unmindful of their age,
 Hath swept them all away.

I saw the ruddy cheek at noon,
 With hue of blushing red,
 And sparkling eye, by evening borne
 To slumber with the dead.

But yesternight a monarch held
 On earth imperious sway ;
 Lo, better fate his might dispell'd
 Before the dawn of day.

Then, what is life?—a mingled scene
 Of joy, and hope, and fear,
 Though fortune kind may intervene,
 How short it lingers here !

Time, as a constant rolling stream,
 Through ages floweth on,
 To cast and close the human dream
 In vast oblivion.

THE NEW YEAR.

Written for, and inserted in the *Lincolnshire Herald*, January 1859, on the occasion of its being reduced in price.

PART I.

FAREWELL to thee, O sinking year !
 To every member of thy train
 I say farewell. What hast thou there ?
 If 'tis the record of thy reign,
 O let me scan its wondrous page !
 O let me run its glories o'er,
 Before thou quit the chequered age
 Of human life, for evermore.

Alas 'tis dark, the glories few !
 When I perceive the sinful band,
 The guilty tribe, the murd'rous crew,
 Are rife and ready through the land,
 Alas ! few joys burst on the sight
 From martial fame the scene to cheer ;
 But O may knowledge gather light,
 Her " Herald " bless the rising year.

Lo ! she bids the world's vast record
 Enter at the cottage door ;
 Plutus hath no ruling sword
 To keep its presence from the poor.

Lo ! the " Herald " of our province
Hears the outcry of the age ;
May wisdom and the pen of science
Be the authors of her page.

May it to our ancient Borough
Prove the monitor of truth ;
Not a record of to-morrow,
Not a slander sheet, forsooth !
While the guardians of its pages
Wish to its worthy readers here,
The next, the turning leaf of ages,
May prove to all a blissful year.

PART II.

Swift the tide of time is rolling,
Years are bounding out of sight,
Loud the storms of age are boiling,
Centuries waging puny might.
What is man ? a fading flower,
Bloometh only for a day ;
As the foliage of the bower,
Lo ! unseen, he falls away.

But the tribute of his glory
Is not lost ; the roll of fame
In our " Herald " tells the story,
Wrests from grasping age his name.
May it be the burghers ever
Of our fenny city prove
Truthful record of the river
Where the stately barges move.

When the foreign barks arrive,
Laden from the Swedish coast,
When the thrifty Dutchmen strive
To urn their Cuba in the post.
As our fellow-townsmen rise,
May it tell with true delight ;
When a comet marks the skies,
Fair mistress of the sable night.

May it e'er uphold the honour
Of Saint Botolph on the plain,
As the millions look upon her,
Lo ! they wonder, look again.
Queen of churches ! as thy steeple
Rises in majestic might,
Proud of thee well may the people
Be who dwell around thy site.

PART III.

Great, O noble institution,
Ever by thee wisely led,
May the English constitution,
Own thee as its fountain-head.
Kings may fear, and nations tremble,
Senates too bemoan their fate
As they view their might dissemble
Who disown thee, first estate.

Yea, their law is but deception,
And its greatest wisdom base ;
Only truth shall find reception—
Prosper in the human race ;

Lo ! the workman guides the nation,
Learns the history of his state ;
Peasants, blest with inspiration,
Argue fiercely in debate.

May the press of Britain ever
Plead the cause of virtue's might ;
O may no infringement sever
Justice from her pages right.
As from modern Thebes their voices
Daily tell our favour'd land
Latest news, the state rejoices—
Flying swift across the strand.

May the " Herald " from the city
Of our fenny country tell
Cheerful minds a pleasing ditty,
Sons of toil a magic spell ;
May it be the politician,
Prove a guide to duty here,
While it seeks a high position,
Bounding o'er the rolling year.



ON THE PAST YEAR.

Lo ! on the rapid wings of Time,
 Another changing year has flown,
 While nature in her work sublime,
 Receives it as her lawful own :
 O fleeting scene ! O empty dream !
 How quick thy shadows disappear,
 While further sink beneath the stream
 The records of the dying year.

While thousands here have ceased to play
 Their part upon life's bustling stage,
 Are in the current swept away,
 Of swift and quick departing age ;
 We rise to play their acts again,—
 Upon their faded scenes appear,
 And little think our worldly reign
 May end before another year.

May peace her blessings throw around,
 As we succeeding pages turn
 Of life. O may her voice resound,
 May Freedom's lamp for ever burn ;
 O may the child of love below,
 With his delighted smile appear,
 Dismiss life's ripples as they flow
 In joy, and hail each coming year.

F

How rapid ! Time is on the wing,
How quick the various seasons fly !
May kind experience ever bring,
Her gracious aid to you and I ;
Then, when our prime of life is past,
And grey with age our heads appear,
May brighter pleasures come at last,
A glorious never-ending year.



PEACE.

How blest ! how delightful the voice
 Of Peace, her fair presence how dear,
 She bids the earth's people rejoice,
 And stayeth the dull sound of fear ;
 The land of the rose and the vine,
 Are thankful, at rest ; their cares sleep,
 They forget the ill cares of the mind,
 No more do they murmur or weep.
 The nymph of contentment, the spirit of love,
 Pours on them her blessings from heaven above.

As by the fond smile of delight,
 The cheek both of peasant and king
 Are lit by its beams gay and bright,
 While cheerful her virtues they sing ;
 For joy is the chime of creation,
 The voices of pleasure and mirth,
 Resound to the end of the nation,
 • To welcome her presence on earth.
 The sound of the bugle is silent, at ease
 The warrior rests on the triumph of peace.

Oh, long on the plains of our island !
 May the flower of liberty bloom ;
 Oh may no ill fate with her harsh wand
 Consign that fair gem to the tomb.

May Britain look forth to the morning,
When virtue shall dwell on the earth,
When the nations shall cast off their mourning,
And hail in delight the fair birth
Of Peace; when no echo resounds in the grove,
But the falling of waters, the voice of the dove.



WAR.

How horrid ! how cruel the sound
 Of war, which assaileth the ear ;
 How swift doth the message rebound
 To clothe the vast nations with fear.
 The land of honey and wine,
 Where peaceful the currents are flowing ;
 The land of the myrtle and vine,
 Alas ! their ill fortunes are knowing.
 Dark is their prospect to mount the fierce car,
 And plunge in the evils and horrors of war.

The peasant must quit his fond home,
 The scenes of his childhood and mirth,
 In death's chequered valley to roam,
 And fight for the land of his birth.
 Instead of the sound in the morn,
 Of the stream, or the chanticleer crowing ;
 In the land of the melon and corn
 The bugles of armies are blowing.
 The clash of the phalanx resoundeth afar,
 As they rush to the din and confusion of war.

But, oh, may Britannia rejoice,
 And tell in a song of delight
 The nations that love is her voice ;
 That peace is her lot through the fight.

Oh, may no ill fortune assail her ;
 May truth be the strength of her plea ;
The land of the oak and sailor,
 The land of the joyous and free.
Then Mars may incite, and his tempest may form
In dark clouds of vengeance—she conquers the storm.



ON THE MEMORIAL WINDOW

Lately erected in Boston Church, by the Freeman, to John Laughton, as a tribute of their esteem—he being the founder of the National Schools.

O FREEMEN, in our hallow'd pile
 Ye've wrought a noble deed,
 Where I perceive the living smile
 Of gratitude, the dearest wile
 Of her devoted creed.

Blest be your work, for ever bless'd,
 The tribute of your love,
 To him who lies in silent rest,
 Beneath the stone in acts confess'd,
 Prepared to live above.

Who in your antique borough shared
 Its merriment and strife;
 Who for your children's good declared
 His wish; for them a course prepared,
 To win the race of life.

O mark the sound of Laughton's name
 Whose virtues never died,
 But live to tell his honour'd fame
 In future years to bear his claim,
 So purely justified.

O ! may the memories of our dead
Remind us of the time,
Few are the rays the sun has shed
Upon his tomb : a century's fled
In Age's solemn chime.

O may that sacred building tell,
O may its relics ever bear,
Truthful records from the cell
Of death, where generations fell,
And sleep their last sleep there.



THE TWA BRIGS OF BOSTON.

'Twas night, few sounds disturb'd the burghers' rest,
 When noisy crews in labouring found a zest
 For sleep, and silent was the sailor's song;
 In mighty force the Witham roll'd along,
 As o'er its flood an ancient brig uprear'd
 Its huge rude form, whose safety long was fear'd,
 When by the fates, for fear of limb or jig,
 The borough folks had built another brig:
 'Twas late, when passing o'er its modern form,
 Methought I heard the brewing of a storm;
 I stay'd awhile, when lo! beneath my frame,
 I heard the new brig to the auld proclaim:

THE NEW BRIG.

"Begone, auld tottering neighbour, from my sight,
 Thou art not fit by day, much less by night,
 To bear the anxious pilgrim on his way,
 Sometime thou'lt fa' and hurl him in the spray;
 Thy 'cute auld piers, the narrow compass' span,
 Looks but a beaver's arch—'no work of man.'"

THE AULD BRIG.

"Alas! I ken, young chiel, my days are short,
 And too I ken thou art but badly taught;
 When thou hast liv'd to hear old Botolph's chime
 As long as I, methinks thy dwindled time

Will fain be here ; thou'lt raise no lofty head,
But then weel trow thy auld companion dead.
Across the flood I carried every day,
Through every season, yet so lean my pay,
That if my limbs ago had been repaired,
For coming ages yet I should be spared.
So now, young brig, though you in bairn time smile,
Auld age will come whom ' thou dost now revile.' "

THE NEW BRIG.

" Thou'rt sure to have some self-conceited song,
Auld jade ! for thou hast liv'd a year o'erlong,
Thy wailie acts in truth deserve no swaggie,
Methinks they're nought, thyseel' a squattling braggie,
Say not thy frame for ages would be spared,
If thy auld spauls afore had been repaired ;
They were not worth it, for thy hideous creak,
'Twas not of warls, but like old Hornie's squeak.
Talk not to me about my lofty head,
Or think that I shall grieve o'er thee when dead ;
Soon will thy quaintly presence be forgot,
Though rolling centuries shall not stir a jot
My own keystane, when Botolph's site is bare,
When chattering daws have lost their covert there ;
In pride I'll stand, when trees upon that plain
Before me shake 'mid stacks of bric and stane."

THE AULD BRIG.

" Young friend, we ken thou'rt but a puny form
Just raised, thou'st seen no rugged wintry storm,
No blustering tempest hast thou yet defied,
Or felt a quiver from the fearfu' tide.

Why call me braggie? Of the acts I've wrought
I gently tell thee, by long ages taught :
I've known the knight upon his noble horse,
And buxom damsel, on my keystone cross ;
I've heard the tolling of the convent bell,
And ken the spot where Father Jerome fell,
So learn the relics of experienced age.
Thou'rt but a bairn, think not thyself a sage,
Say not thou'lt live when Botolph's site is bare,
I'll spae in truth thou ne'er wilt have sic fare."

THE NEW BRIG.

" Well now, old friend, I ken thy words are true,
That rolling age will have its loyal due ;
But shall I, wrought with iron's stoutest might,
As soon as thee look but a trembling sprite ?
Shall this frail creeping tide o'erwhelm my form,
Or shall I fa' beneath a puny storm ?
But as our time in snarling's badly spent,
I will award to thee our argument.
I do not think myself a learned sage,
Who knoweth wonders taught by primsie age ;
I only thought thou'd better lig thy head
In peace than thraw thy timmers in the bed,
To stop the current, and to form the clang
Of simple tattlers and the haivering thrang,
So when thou dies mayst thou find welcome rest,
For ever honour'd and for ever blest."

THE AULD BRIG.

" Leeze me! young bairn, for we have made thie's weel,
I own thy gude sense, and delighted feel."

Afore we part let me a lesson give—
A word of counsel how thou here must live,
Though I weel ken advice, like ill-got seed,
On barren ground is often lost indeed;
For tittering taupies keep their ears aloof
From wholesome caution and from wise reproof;
But mayst thou be an outlaw to the rule,
Nor deem thy teacher but a chattering fool:
Serve well the borough, and when thou'st grown auld
Thy goodly acts, as mine, will then be told;
While thrifty burghers oft thy keystone cross,
Grow grey as it, and like it gather moss,
Mayst thou remind them as the winter's blast,
 So fierce and keen,
Is to the year, so auld age comes at last,
 And shuts the scene!"



SPRING.

Lo, ghastly Winter quits the scene !
 His rigid rule is past ;
 Triumphant Spring surmounts the throne,
 And calms the chilly blast.

Again delighted Nature sees
 Her jewels leave the tomb :
 Behold, array'd in graceful hues,
 Her sprightly beauties bloom.

While at the early dawn of day
 The cuckoo charms the ear,
 With merry voice proclaims her reign—
 O welcome messenger !

Resplendent in the glorious sky,
 Bright Phœbus gilds the dawn,
 He paints the chambers of the east,
 And hails the blushing morn.

With gladsome rush the little stream,
 No more by fetters bound,
 Through flowery mead pursues its course
 Through vale and hallow'd ground.

O may we ever here below
 Her lovely graces sing,
 Rejoice that blustering Winter's o'er,
 And greet the birth of Spring.

REMEMBER DEATH.

Ye striplings on the busy stage
 Of life, unknown to cares of age,
 Ye early wanderers on the plain,
 Both in the sunshine and the rain,
 Remember death !

In every dear and transient scene
 Remember he may intervene,
 And blast thy hopes, however clear,
 And sorrows mingle with thy fear :
 Remember death !

Ye who find your fate on earth
 Mingled with delight and mirth,
 Ye who find your mortal way
 Thickly strew'd with flowerets gay,
 Remember death !

Though you find the journey here
 Peaceful, and your voyage clear,
 Think not silence rules the sky,
 Or the waves in slumber lie,—
 Remember death !

Bear in mind the vale of life
 Is but a pilgrimage of strife :
 Man's importance only pleadeth
 For the grave. His actions leadeth
 Unto death !

THE TYRANT PIKE.

A FABLE.

THERE lived a pike of mickle might,
The terror of the lake,
The little fishes heard with fright
The noise he used to make.

For fifty years his cruel reign
The law of fate decreed ;
For fifty years with troubled pain
They saw the monster feed.

A hundred fish he every day
With greedy appetite
Consumed, while myriads fled away
At his beleaguered sight.

At last the fishes of the lake
Resolved upon a day
Friends with the monster fierce to make,
And take his life away.

He spurn'd the angler's tempting bait,
His line he heeded not,
Which other poor lost fishes ate,
And learnt their awful lot.

'Twas on a grey, dull afternoon,
Beneath the waters lay
A luscious treat ; their ruler soon
They fetch'd to eat the prey.

Unmerciful, without a cause,
He sprung, but, lo ! the last,
For deep within his fleshy jaws
The fatal hook stuck fast.

When to the watery nation's bound
The joyful tidings fled,
The small and great re-echoed round
“ Rejoice, the monster's dead.”

MORAL.

The moral of my fable I
Need scarcely add, for all
Look for the time, and joyfully
Proclaim a tyrant's fall.



ESSAYS.

HAPPINESS.

THE chief desire of man is to live in happiness below, and to enjoy its unrivalled merits hereafter. But, alas ! how different the devices for its attainment. I will divide the seekers of happiness into three classes. First, They who believe it to exist in the light and empty occupations which are too often termed the "joys of life." Secondly, They who cast away the air of mirth, and the smile of joy, for the solitude of a mysterious imagination, regarding the business of life an empty employment, its trials and cares totally vacant of any design of our Creator. Thirdly, They who pay due observance to the laws of God and man, who make the path of life as smooth as their fallen state will allow, enjoy themselves whilst on earth, and when their appointed hour of death arrives are ready to comply with his stern request, with a smile upon their lips, and a conscious indicator within of their just actions below, preparing them for bliss in the world to come. Returning to the first class I have mentioned, they

who with unremitting ardour persist in that vain pursuit, thinking happiness and pleasure of whatever kind go hand in hand, forget that the novelty of worldly enjoyments decays, till at last when the scene of want is before their eyes, they perceive to their dismay it was but the shadow of happiness presented itself to their view. Poor deluded creatures! led by their simple minds to fancy that wealth, fashion, gaiety, and happiness are inseparable, what unbounded attempts at the expense of modesty and propriety they with thousands, seek for happiness, with light belief of sorrow, though inward grief reminds them of their miserable career; others believe if they obtain wealth, they as a natural consequence must increase their worldly enjoyments. Now, in a degree they are right in this instance if they go no farther, but how few stop here: but as their wealth increases, so does their love of money and worldly allurements, till lastly, gold becomes the idol of their hearts, and their ideas of religion become shallow and vague. The ambitious and proud think dignity of appearance, high descent, and noble birth, are indispensable to happiness. How plainly they are in the wrong. For in vain they seek in the scenes of their luxurious actions for that placid nymph Contentment, who dwells and cheers the lot of the humblest peasant. Unenviable beings; to cast away the bright facilities of happiness, to wear the robe of empty pride which at last, like their frail bodies, becomes the prey of the moth, and the worm of corruption. In the second place, they who assume the garb of solitary delight, take unto themselves mysterious ideas, both of their

Maker's design and their own existence. They think the treasures of the world not worth having, its transient sweets not worth enjoying. They behold the man of business, even if he be a pious individual, but a deceiver who wears a cloak of religion for the better insurance of wealth. They regard the cares and trials of life as current events passing before the eyes of all, leaving no impression either of gladness or dismay on their minds. Deaf to the entreaties of conscience, they heed not its rebuke. What a picture of human frailty, drawn by sorrow, coloured by deception. They have no proper design of future happiness, no source of pleasure that leadeth in sight of a blissful state hereafter, whatever is their aim or desire, but being weak and dark-minded they pass through the world in a state of crafty solemnity; lastly, as the bubbles of the stream they disappear and are seen no more. Now, arriving at the third class of persons I have mentioned here, what a desirable situation is theirs who pay strict observance to the admirable laws of nature, as heaven itself designs and sanctions, who for their position in life are thankful, whatever it may be. Contentment is the ruler of their actions and the disposer of their ways; though scenes of trial and distress disturb their actions, they heed them not; but as the little craft rides safely through the deep waters, so they with the guide of faith surmount the stern difficulties of life, and by patience break through the briars and thorns which obstruct this mortal path, and at last are welcomed to that celestial kingdom to wear a never-fading crown of glory, and to abide in happiness everlasting

MONEY.

WHEN man first appears upon the stage of life few of his bodily powers are assumed—no mental power is apparently developed : consequently, as the fruit is owing to the management of the tree, so are his prospects of life depending upon that tuition and attention he receiveth in the days of his childhood and youth ; for as the little tree, which is neither watered nor sheltered from the scorching sun, soon dieth away, so it is with man. If he lacketh proper attention in his early life, he is so injured by the ruling power of his passion, which, being corrupt, destroyeth his every energy for good, and finally his hopes of happiness and comfort are blasted for ever. He beareth no fruit, but lieth ready for the spade of the vile husbandmen to dig him from the earth and cast him in the consuming flame. Another great portion of man's being, urging upon the nature of his existence, is the sphere of life in which he appears at the time of his birth. If he is born rich, and has a discontented mind, he is for ever pitiable and poor ; born poor, and in more unfavourable circumstances, if through the merits of a brighter reason he is contented with his lot, that is the man I envy : he is rich in the beauties of a noble mind, he looketh upon money as a blessing in life pertaining to worldly

affairs, but in nowise requisite for the attainment of happiness hereafter. Some people think happiness is seated in wealth, are continually observing the success of other persons' undertakings, neglecting their own, and think the world was made for them alone, and they have the greatest right to possess it; in fact, their hearts are corrupted and led astray by evil and vain desires, not intentionally wicked. No, no, though instead of annihilating, they become the slaves of their passions, and finally, when poverty overtakes them, they reflect with astonishment on their past career, and view with horror their present condition. But why should they? for if they estimate the valuable time they have lost in pondering over other people's affairs, they will see they have wasted the strength of their mental and bodily acquirements beneath the shackles of their envious dispositions: it being now too late for any amendment in their career, they are as people armed to relieve another's castle at the same time their own is falling beneath the fire of their carnal enemies; lastly quitting the stage of life as neither observers of the works of the Almighty nor justifiers of the admirable system of mankind. The next class of persons I beg to treat of, is the half-starved, dirty-looking being known by the name of a miser. No matter what sphere of life he appears in, if he is born with that craving disposition. Though rich, he will grow richer; if poor, by some means, not always discreet or honourable, he intends to accumulate earthly wealth through the curious contrivances of his niggardly disposition. Behold his dwelling half in

pieces, his ground uncultivated and desolate; but still further view the interior of his abode: there he sits by himself, not even a cat to accompany him in his solitude; even a mouse dare not encroach upon his dominions; there is no crumb, so much less cheese, for him; an old jug minus a spout, a kettle minus a lid, a few ill-contrived boards to supply the office of a table, with sundry little worthless utensils, comprise his household stock; his bed is straw; his chief and only cheerful desire of pleasure resting in the occupation of estimating the value of his bags; his greatest delight is praying to his golden god! What a picture of human depravity, of earthly sinfulness. And the end of this dark-minded being—starved to death: his money, the result of half a century's hoarding, left at the mercy, and too oft the discretion of that person forming the next class I intend to notice—the spendthrift. Whatever his position on the stage of life may be, what a deplorable faculty he possesses to expend his fortune in luxuriant pleasures common to the evil desires of a free but uncareful mind, which lessen his means, eat up his ideas of morality, and lastly, his constitution yields to the effect of the fatal poison. Unhappy being, whose only delight is in the sensual and disgusting pleasures of a wicked world; in vain the fond authors of his existence grieve over his troubles, he heedeth not their counsel, and despiseth their advice. Follow him in his career, see his excitement at the billiard-table, the changes that affect his countenance on the betting-stand; what visions of gold flit constantly before him, how eager he is to

obtain them. See him hurl his hat in the air at the smile of fortune, but in the reverse turn what a horrid grin depicts his inward trouble! What a disgraceful picture of human life, to see a man trifling with his mental capacities, his acquirements, and talents, with every virtue he possesses, nay, even bartering them for a short and wretched life, miserably existing in the ebbing and flowing of a sinful tide which finally swallows him up for ever in its deadly vortex. He becomes a disgrace to his parental roof, and the slave of that malignant disease which corrupteth and allayeth the only spark of morality he has left, lastly bowing in the prime of his days to that destroying sickle which waiteth not. He is, as the flower of the field, forgotten, and they who bore witness to his presence know it no more; and, I ask, what reflection can such a person indulge in upon his dying couch. But, being favoured with the greatest blessings of life, instead of turning them to the right account, he has abused their service, violated the sacred laws of heaven, broken the bond of human faith, and allowed evil desires to prey upon his imaginations, which have driven him hastily from the stage of life to await his resurrection and the sentence of his Judge. Now, turning to the last part of my brief essay, I beg to express my opinion regarding the value a wise man sets upon money as concerns earthly things, and how it pertaineth to happiness in a future state. Hoping in the ideas of my worthy readers, it may be near the following: Born either in poor or affluent circumstances, he is contented with his lot; though Fortune frowns he

still smiles; although he owns no mine of gold, no treasury of valuables, he is possessed of that prize which they cannot purchase; for if a man has a guilty and depraved mind, all the gold in the universe cannot afford him a moment's consolation or comfort. Though he is held in derision by many of his fellow creatures, it decreaseth not his happiness; though briars and thorns entangle his path, by perseverance and cheerful industry he overcometh every obstacle; if the fickle goddess smiles upon him, he expendeth not her blessings in the idle and empty pleasures of this sinful world, but as the careful ant provideth for her future wants, he layeth up in the summer of prosperity for the winter of adversity. He is thankful to his Maker for the benefits of health and plenty. Though money is the root of endless evil, is it not the foundation of pristine virtues? For it is given to be a blessing upon earth, though by its abuse, as in every instance when persons desecrate their talents, it proveth a deadly poison to their minds; while others, born with but bare prospects of the future, have by prudent industry attained the heights of honour and fame. So, therefore, my humble conclusion is—amass wealth, but enjoy it, neither squander or hoard it, but let it be a source of temporal happiness below, and a tie of cheerful thankfulness to the mysterious transformation awaiting us. Man ought to be thankful for and not abuse the kindness of Providence, for if money is allowed to be the spoke and acting power of an evil mind, innumerable results will follow alike injurious to the victim as the author of the mischief.

Instead of money in that case proving a blessing, it is a curse, and the grand idea of its purpose perverted. It loseth all its virtues, and is precisely the root of incorruptible evil. So, I say, it is a desirable treasure: a treasure worth having, worth striving for. It strengthens virtue in the wise man; the fool it only leadeth into trouble. Lastly, I must add, we have a great ambassador below as a substitute for its efficient service, which is contentment—the gem of hope, the spirit of happiness, the property of all, at any time, at any season; so to those bereft of the needful commodity I advise to be content with their lot; never repine, for a bright day will dawn after a stormy night. To those in possession of it let me add: Use it as a loan, not a fixed property, for you must leave it, and it will then prove a blessing and a lamp to light you from the dark passage of human life.

A SPRING MORNING.

BEAMS of the rising sun, 'tis with delight
I view your playful shadows on the robe
Of graceful Flora, when the shades of night
Depart, which wrap in peace the slumb'ring globe.
'Tis with delight I view those streaks divine
Break from the chambers of the eastern sky;
In purple tints they from the heavens shine,
The dewy vapours from their presence fly.
As early through the glassy glade I rove,
The cuckoo's blithesome song salutes my ear,
The glorious odours of the flowery grove
With lovely blossoms crown th' eventful year.
Oh, hand in hand may peace and plenty reign,
And clothe our fields with crops of golden grain.

SUMMER.

SWEET is the prospect of a summer's day,
When Sol's bright chariot rides along the sky;
As from the trees the lively songsters gay
Pour forth their notes in joyous minstrelsy.
Sweet is the scene that meets the viewing eye,
As to the brook the restless cattle rush;
As gaudy insects speed their flight on high,
And woods resound the watchnote of the thrush.
As graceful Flora sprinkles in the grove
Her gems so fair, so beauteous to behold;
As whispering suitors tell the tale of love,—
Beneath the hawthorn tidings blest unfold;
When Nature wears the smile of open bliss,
And her fair children bloom in happiness.

AUTUMN.

WHAT raptured feelings in our minds arise,
As we behold the fading trees around ;
Now Autumn's gales rush fiercely through the skies,
And strew their foliage on the barren ground.
The well-known messenger of sunny days,
The swallow, leaves our isle for warmer air ;
The little ants their many hillocks raise,
And for the winter's freezing blasts prepare ;
While Nature kind, to every want sincere,
Her creatures clothes with nicely woven fur,
Which must remind us of our journey here,
A needful lesson to our minds confer :
For when the Autumn of our life is past,
We must be ready for the coming blast.

WINTER.

Lo ! unrelenting Winter comes at last,
With his attendants in their solemn line ;
He stamps his ardour in the piercing blast,
His cold embrace the watery plains combine.
The forest kings as lifeless statues stand,
With dark impressions fill the gloomy scene,
While Nature's children die throughout the land.
Their future advent cannot yet be seen.
There is no singing in the leafless grove,
But all is silent as the shade of death ;
No warbling songster echoes forth its love
In tuneful strain ; while cold is Flora's breath,
Till spring shall dawn amid her glories here,
And gild the preface of the coming year.

PRIDE

O MAN ! behold the starry vault, or look'
At nature's pencil in the lovely flower ;
Survey the ocean or the crystal brook,
Or smell the perfume of the fragrant bower.
Think of the Maker of them all, sublime ;
Remember He's the same who made the worm
That crawls unseen, the constant friend of Time,
The ruthless waster of thy lowly form.
I say, 'tis He who for just purpose made
Thee but of dust ; where is thy might and pride ?
Think not of beauty, which in time will fade,
Or gold, which all ere long must lay aside ;
Divest thyself of all such empty show,
Thy Maker learn, thy feeble nature know.

CONTENTMENT.

'Twas on a common's wide and wild domain;
Beneath a rock a little spring was hid ;
Fed by pure and refreshing rain,
It trickled gladly through its sandy bed.
Proceeding through the wild and sunny vale,
Through tangled thicket, next through fruitful
glade,
It hurried forth in true, though gentle swell,
And in each ravine formed a white cascade.
As human minds, though oft by fate misled,
Its waters tinged, and in contempt oft driven,
It ceased not to flow, but onward made
Its rolling course to please the will of Heaven.
So by Contentment, if the mind is blest
Of man, by fate how can it be deprest ?

FRIENDSHIP.

MAN, if thou hast no friend thou art undone—
A friend in truth I mean; not one that leaves
Or quits thy presence in the adverse turn
Of fortune, but who in his mind receives
Part of thy troubles and thy worldly care;
Who brings thee safely through the storm at last
Then if thy friend is suffered worse to fare,
Grant him assistance through the cruel blast:
For clouds of dark adversity in might,
Will dim the glories of the brightest day;
But through the mist of its infernal height,
Kind perseverance fights her onward way,
Whilst unforgotten back to memory cling
The smiles of fortune in life's early spring.

ON THE DEATH OF THE
REV. G. CRABBE.

WHAT need of Homer's verse, or Tully's phrase,
O Crabbe, while thou liest in the silent tomb;
When Nature's dictate, ardent in thy praise,
Shall own thy memory in years to come.
One who in birth by fate sublime was blest
With every charm by magic genius given,
And in thy life thy virtues were confest,
A beam reflected from the rays of heaven.
But He who dwells in endless light above,
Thought thee deserving of a better fate
Than scanning human life, so in His love
Took thee to reign in pure celestial state!
And many wish that Time's last days were done,
Their hearts and thine had mingled into one.

ROEBUCK'S SPEECH ON THE CONSPIRACY BILL, 1858.

SWEET to the Briton is the sound of peace,
He loves to view the gales of heaven blow free,
But if harsh fate bids human power cease,
To dwell agreed he asks for liberty.
There was a time when duty's path was bare,
But blest with honour ; lo ! I quickly saw,
Well clad for conquest, thee on it appear ;
I heard thee tell the world thy country's law.
With confidence that only could exist
In pure minds, thou spake ; the brilliant rays
Of thy great genius shone ; lo ! fled the mist ;
Thou provedst to England's Senate Virtue's ways.
Oh, Roebuck ! thou deservest esteem and love
From all that's just below, that's blest above.

TO A MISER.

WHY dost thou think, O man, that gold was made
To be thy god, the idol of thy heart ;
The ruling power where thy hopes are laid,
The only spring from whence thy joys depart ?
Why lay up treasures where the thief may steal,
Or hoard in coffers for corruption's spoil ?
Ill-gotten riches, who thy views conceal,
In dire sorrows dip thy mortal coil.
O vain, O simple man ! to cast away
Those lasting joys which never, never die,
For empty pleasures which in time decay,
And at the mercy of the tempter lie.
Melt up thy golden god, forget the loss,
Believe in Christ, and bear His holy cross.

CHILDHOOD.

How sweet to muse upon that faded scene,
Or in kind memory to reflect a view
From school-boy's pastime on the village green,
Close by the cottage where the hawthorn grew.
How oft our garb was trimmed with decent care,
Though noticed little in our lightsome thought,
And oft replaced our ever ruffled hair,
Whilst Time again to us our troubles brought.
How oft were pictured to ourselves those days
Of happier visions and unclouded skies ;
And fancied pleasures linger in the rays
Of brighter suns, alas ! which never rise.
We little knowing heavier cares and strife
Await the traveller from the spring of life.

CHRISTMAS.

AGAIN December's race is well-nigh run,
Another year is flitting from the stage
Of Time ; and seldom shall the rising sun
Diffuse its beams before another age
Its reign begins. But let us cease awhile ;
Another guest intrudes and takes a part ;
He changes Winter's frown into a smile,
With joyful glee he visits every heart,—
'Tis Christmas ; and as waters in the dells
Of ocean caverns constantly pour forth,
Their cheerful and unwearied canticles,
So let us praise his efforts here on earth.
And may the sounds of many nations clear
Unite in peace to meet the coming year.

TIME.

O ALL devourer of the might of man,
Whose feeble doings sink beneath thy stream ;
Thou givest out the measure of his span,
His actions are all but an empty dream ;
Thou thinnest with thy sword the ranks of life,
Whilst all that's mortal owns thy powerful sway ;
The hush of peace, yea, and the battle's strife,
Fall chosen victims of thy powerless prey.
Yea, and the warrior in his laurels bright,
The midnight genii and their prophecies,
Are sunk in truth from all discerning sight ;
But passing thought denotes their fallacies.
So wilt thou roll till this frail orb in fire
Shall end, and all, yea all that is, expire.

FAITH.

O GREAT inspirer of the human frame,
Who tunest our efforts to a blest desire,
Thee with thy sisters bear the foremost claim
To earthly gratitude in heavenly fire.
Thou cheer'st the latent drooping scene of life,
And throw'st a beam across the darkest mind ;
Though tempests rage and evil gusts are rife,
If thou but smile, to fate we are resigned.
O noble grant ! by law of sacred love
Thou lightest up this mortal wilderness ;
By thee we hope to live in courts above,
Throw off our sins and dwell in happiness,
May thy bright shadow to us ever be
A guide to live in blest eternity.

HOPE.

O BLEST companion of my early life,
Fate cannot harm thy pure immortal fame;
Though vice assails thee with its envious strife,
It falleth short to hurt thy glorious name.
Though mists and storms encircle me around,
Though Fortune fails from her benignant store
Me to supply, yet I court not the sound
Of wealth, but hope for peace when time is o'er.
Though health itself, the greatest blessing here,
Denies me succour, yet I look above,
And true my mind is void of every fear;
If death itself approaches, 'tis in love.
Ye mortals here, who dwell beneath the sky,
Cling not to earth, but place your hopes on high.

CHARITY.

I CAME into the world and took a view
Of human nature in its fairest light;
I saw vast numbers on the path pursue
Of changing fate their future scenes more bright;
I saw the beggar sitting by the way
Entreating alms, but on the other side
The haughty pass'd; for how could they betray
Their high desires, or insult their pride?
But lo, I saw approach, of modest fame,
A being, who, though humble, wore a smile
Of love; he fed the beggar, ask'd his name,
And shared with him the blessings of his pile.
At this, I said, "Enough, for I have seen
The joy of life—earth's most endearing scene."

H

APRIL.

AGAIN, O changeful April, we discern
Thy varying sunshine and thy sudden hail;
A glimpse of Summer and the dark return
Of cheerless Winter in the stormy gale.
Again dame Nature's works we see array'd
In graceful foliage, and the verdure green
Covers the earth, while plainly is displayed
The gilded prospect of a brighter scene.
But why dost thou to empty hopes give rise,
Or in thy course a murmur entertain,
While Iris with her colours paints thy skies,
And the dark clouds discharge the falling rain?
But now to thee we grateful homage pay,
Although dark shadows dim thy brightest day.

HUMAN LIFE.

I FANCIED on the bridge of life I stood:
Beneath its arch I saw the human tide
Flow on with Time in its eventful flood.
I saw upon its surf a child and guide;
Its guide was Truth, who held its fairy form
In safety from the wildness of the stream,
Girt in true wisdom, proof against the storm,
While passing o'er it sung a noble theme.
I look'd again, when, lo, an earthly god
Appeared, while hundreds in his train he bore,
Each in their hands upheld a golden rod;
And lo! at once they sank to rise no more.
I now thought I was struggling in the stream,
But, glad surprise! I found 'twas but a dream.

EVENING.

BEHOLD, reflected in the western sky,
Apollo's rays. The beauties of the day
Depart in peace, to other regions fly,
Whilst night again assumes her solemn sway.
Another race of her career is o'er;
Another day hath passed in fleeting age;
But all is gone, and can return no more
To deck the glories of the fairest page.
No more my ears with worldly noises ring;
The busy multitudes in silent sleep
Are hushed; though gloom around her shadows
fling,
I see fair Luna from the azure peep.
She throws around us her white stainless robe,
And wraps in silver light the slumbering globe.

WAR.

ALAS! what is that voice, that furious cry
Of human discord sounding in the ear?
What is that echo bounding far on high?
Or what's the object of its visit here?
Why is the iron phalanx armed for fight?
Why do the nations court the ghastly tomb
Of death, and mingle in the cup of spite
More fatal poison to increase their doom?
Why do they tinge the rippling brook with blood?
Or urge the peasant to the direst fate
Of war, as worthless but for carrion food?
How weak is man, instead of nobly great.
Soon may that morning dawn of beauties rare:
The spear a sickle be, the sword a share!

PEACE.

Lo, blissful silence rules the worldly scene,
No sound of discord rides along the air;
The powers of Heaven with the Fates convene
Of earth to hold their tranquil meeting here.
No sound is heard, no clarion horseman calls
His brother warriors to the desp'rate fight;
No cannon's boom, no fiery shaft appals,
Or camp fire throws across the plain its light.
The little stream no more is tinged with blood,
No grieving mother hangs her doleful head,
No more the hungry vultures seek their food,
Or rav'ning wolves fight o'er the mangled dead,
But peace on earth makes known her loving sway,
The nations hear, and willingly obey.

TRUTH.

O VIRGIN of simplicity! O child
Of pure virtue, how can I behold
Thy favoured smile, thy actions ever mild,
Thy love, which never, never groweth cold,
Without admiring? In the greatest might
Of troubles, which thy godly actions prove,
The deed that bears thee to the skies of light
Transmits thy actions to the world above,
Whilst fiction fades and cunning ways do fail
To meet their proof. Without desponding care,
Thou walk'st triumphant to the judgment rail,
Arrayed in beauties of the brightest glare.
O virgin, can I but obtain from thee
Thy valued smile, I am for ever free!

DESPAIR.

O HARSH Despair, shall it my soul betray?
Or shall I sink into its depths profound,
Whilst one fair glimpse of Heaven cheers my way
Below, whilst one kind hope to me is found?
O horrid fate! to bid the scenes adieu
Of life, however chequered they appear.
Whilst we remain, I doubt it not, a few
Enraptured joys will smile, our hearts to cheer.
Give not thy mind, O man, to stern despair;
Though grief is hard, 'tis not for thee alone.
How oft we deem the worst of all our fare,
And place the darkest trials as our own.
Why should we faint when there's a world above
Demands our zeal, our reason, and our love?

THE SABBATH.

How sweet it is upon that hallow'd morn,
When sacred thoughts for once our minds inspire,
To hear those sounds, on flippant breezes borne,
That break in torrents from the village spire;
How sweet to drive all empty cares away,
And lend our voices to the solemn song,
To think of Heaven on that holy day,
Throw off the world, with all its bustling throng;
And who with eyes unchanged can view those stones
That mark the spot where our forefathers sleep,
Denote where lie at rest their weary bones,
And faithful watchings o'er their bodies keep,
Without remembering man is in his bloom
To-day—to-morrow sleeping in the tomb?

BOSTON CHURCH.

OFF as I view thy mighty tower, that rears
Its head in pride unto the lofty skies,
Romantic legends of departed years,
With their strange stories, in my mind arise;
I think I hear again that solemn peal
Of holy voices in their heavenly song;
I see them at thy sacred altars kneel,
And sable knights thy ancient cloisters throng.
O noble pile! O truly sacred place!
Though in thy sepulchres our fathers sleep,
Now they have long since run their earthly race,
And trailing mosses o'er their bodies creep.
We know that we shall soon our sceptre yield,
Submit to death, and others take the field.

A SONNET ON THE REMAINS OF
SLEAFORD CASTLE.

O NOBLE relic of the bygone age,
Whose massive walls retained our fathers' trust,
Thou, like thy builders, from the varying page
Of Time hast fallen to mingle with the dust;
Thy mighty towers long have disappear'd;
That ancient keep, that in its glory stood,
Has fall'n to ruin; where the turrets rear'd
Their heads in pride, I view the rippling flood.
No more in thee I hear the clashing sound
Of horsemen gathering for the bloody fight,
But lowing cattle feed upon that ground,
And herbage clothes the hillocks of thy site.
Thy former glory now is but a tale
That shows how vain is man, his works how frail.

LIFE.

SWEET to the fainting pilgrim is the stream,
Sweet to the captive tidings of being free,
Sweet to the weary sleep's refreshing dream,
But sweeter than all is life's blest liberty.
But yet, its sweets how varied, how unsure,
Its joys uncertain ; as the summer's sun
Reclines to rest while fretful tempests pour
Their sudden rage, so soon its glory done !
But there are visions fair to human sight,
Of lasting peace, of never-ending bliss,
Where all may wear a robe of spotless light,
Where all may dwell in one fond happiness.
So, be prepared ! for Death, come when he may,
The rich and poor alike his rule obey.

DEATH.

OH, ghastly King ! whose legions at command
Bear forth the orders of thy mighty will,
How swift thy message runneth through the land,
To bid the voice of mortal sound be still.
How sudden, too, thou enterest at the dome,
And robb'st the noble of his offspring dear !
How dark thy presence in the peasant's home,
To cut the tie that binds his feelings here !
Alas ! though Vice, thy willing aide-de-camp,
Doth make sad ravage in thy service rife,
May Virtue strew her blessings 'mid the throng,
And Truth unseal the sacred law of life :
For love can conquer, Grace can bear the sting,
'Tis but Humanity obeys her King !



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